Your Weight in Arms I've Never Used

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52704133.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Bodyswap, Bodyswap Sex, Dark Will Graham, Kitchen Sex, Vaginal Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Raindrop Stories
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-01 Words: 4,191 Chapters: 1/1

Your Weight in Arms I've Never Used

by sourweather

Summary

When Will wakes up out of his prison cell and in the body of Doctor Alana Bloom, he goes to Hannibal's house with bloodshed in mind. Instead, his feelings get the best of him. Again.

Notes

okay happy new years no more daily fics byeeeeee

See the end of the work for more notes

Will has begun to think of waking less as something that he does, and more as something that happens to him. It's certainly not something he has any significant say in, because if he did, he wouldn't be awake right now.

Before his incarceration, Will was a lifelong early riser. Sleep has always been something of a necessary evil for him, an uncomfortable intermission filled with crushing stillness and disturbing dreams that had to be endured before he was allowed to continue living. Even when he wakes feeling half-dead, he still prefers to haul himself to his feet, rather than lying there in limbo for another moment.

Since being thrown behind bars, though, Will has been dabbling in the art of sloth. It isn't as if he has any incentive to rise— the offensive excuse for a breakfast that the staff provides tastes just as depressing after sitting dormant for an hour as it does freshly tossed into his cell. Frederick is as eager as ever to fumble around in his head, but he doesn't tend to call on Will until later in the day. Giving himself something to look forward to, maybe. So he's been trying to teach his mind to sleep later into the day, to drag himself forcefully back into the land of the dead even when it comes time for his scheduled eviction.

It isn't due to habit, then, that Will's eyes blink immediately open. It's the light.

There is no light in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Not natural light, at any rate. No, the presence of natural light would be antithetical to everything that Frederick Chilton and his staff have tried so hard to foster. Seeing the sun from his cell would give a prisoner access to all sorts of awful, potentially dangerous things— a clear indicator of passing time, a reminder that the world continues to exist beyond the walls, that people are still living outside. Hope. And so, when Will wakes to the cruel burn of blazing sunlight beyond his mostly-closed eyelids, it startles him to immediate alertness.

He's not sure where he is, how he's ended up here, but this is not his prison cell. The bed he'd evidently been sleeping in is overly soft, his body sinking into the mattress. The pillows are memory foam, plush but holding far too much heat for him to bear. He's buried beneath a pile of thick blankets, a signal of someone who runs permanently cold. Grimacing, he throws them back and sits up in the strange bed.

It's only when Will catches a glimpse of his arm in his periphery that he begins to realize how bizarre his situation truly is. The appendage is smooth, slender, with a soft-looking hand and manicured fingernails. Blindly, he touches his face, awestruck when the foreign arm obeys his mind's command. His fingertips— *not* his fingertips— find a hairless jaw, a narrow nose. He runs his tongue over teeth that are not his own, panic surging up to meet him.

He scrambles from the bed, stumbling like he's just been born as he makes his overcautious way down a narrow hallway and into a small bathroom. It's cozy, lived-in. There's a paperback lying spine-up beside the bathtub, a bowl of potpourri near the door, a confusion of makeup products on the counter. Will doesn't absorb any of these things. He makes a beeline for the mirror on the wall.

There, staring back at him in abject horror, is Doctor Alana Bloom. Alana, with her long dark hair, and her feminine frame, and her big doe eyes. Maybe not precisely *her* eyes, Will thinks — any pair of blue eyes in Alana's skull would look more or less correct, but there's a certain… *Will-ness* to the look he sees. Maybe that's wishful thinking, though. Or maybe Will's finally fucking lost it.

That's undeniably the most likely explanation for all of this, why he's seemingly Jodie Foster-ed himself into his pseudo colleague, semi-former-friend's body. Madness. He was already nine-tenths of the way there, anyway. It stood to reason that his incarceration would nudge him over that last little mile marker. This is a hallucination, or a delusion, or some fucked up form of escapism too elaborate for Will to even slap a label onto—

The dark spiral of his thoughts is interrupted, then, by the sound of movement. Footsteps, the distinct tickytacking of claws on hardwood. Dogs. *His* dogs.

"Winston?" he calls. There's a terrible wrongness in hearing Alana's voice speak his words, identity theft taken to its most unnerving extreme. Still, he forces it out again, louder this time. "Winston? C'mere, boy!"

He nearly sobs when he pokes his head out into the hallway. It's not just Winston, trotting his way. All seven members of Will's pack are approaching, curious as to why they're being called. They don't jump, though. None of them bark or even wag their tails. Will might be overjoyed to be seeing them again, but the dogs have been living with Alana for weeks now. Will is indistinguishable from her, to them. Still wearing her scent.

Will sinks to his knees, arms outstretched. His pack might not recognize their leader, but they are always eager for affection. They barrel into his arms, tripping over themselves and each other in their hurry to be pet and kissed and held. If this is a hallucination, then it's much more pleasant than the ones he's used to. He buries his face in Juniper's long fur, smiling so wide that it makes his cheeks ache. He's missed them all so much. It feels like it's been lifetimes since he's been able to see his dogs. For the millionth time, he curses his circumstances, spitting venom on the name of everything that's keeping him away from himself.

He freezes. Takes in his surroundings. *Will Graham* may have been limited to mere curses, to sending proxies in his name and merely wishing that Hannibal Lecter was dead by his hands.

Alana Bloom, though…

Well, there's nothing stopping her from killing him right now. She'd be caught, certainly, but Will suspects his stay in her body will be a temporary one anyway. Let Doctor Bloom be arrested for a murder she can't recall committing, let them call *her* insane. See how she enjoys being looked at, the way she looks at Will.

Hannibal would never see it coming, either. Sweet, naive Alana. His colleague, his lover, his friend. He would be completely blindsided. To be so brutally betrayed, irreparably hurt by someone he considered worthy of his trust?

It has an irony to it. Almost poetic. Will imagines that Hannibal will appreciate that poetry, as he's bleeding out on his pristine kitchen floor.

-

A quick search through Alana's house and one very needed dog-petting session later, Will is standing on Hannibal Lecter's doorstep. He has a gun stuffed into the back of Alana's blue jeans, an awkward approximation of her smile plastered onto his face. It takes longer than it should for him to knock on the front door. Something holds him back. Not fear, of course. He's felt nearly every emotion a person can feel toward Hannibal Lecter, but he's never been afraid of the man. Disgust, maybe. A revulsion so powerful that it demands distance. Yes, it must be that.

Will's hatred burns white hot when the door finally swings open, though. Hannibal smiles at him, looking taller than before due to Will's new shorter frame. Its warmth rings false, though, more polite than genuine. It doesn't meet his eyes.

"Alana," he greets, and just the sound of his voice makes Will want to rip his throat out. "What a surprise. Come in."

Will tries to keep the smile in place, narrows Alana's eyes a little around his reply. "I hope I'm not intruding," he says. The words come out coy, flirtatious. Will's stomach turns.

Hannibal holds the door open. There's something carefully loose about his body language, projecting an ease that isn't there. A spiteful little piece of Will feels smug observing it. The ease between the two of them never felt forced, even if it'd been built on a lie. "You're always welcome here," Hannibal says. He's lying. Will has to stifle a laugh. Alana really falls for this routine?

Will strides into the house, leading Hannibal to the kitchen like he owns the place. If Hannibal is thrown by this, he doesn't let it show.

"That being said, you are visiting at an awkward hour," Hannibal notes, then chuckles. "I'm not sure whether to offer you a late breakfast, or an early lunch."

It's his stomach, more so than his heart, that aches at the comment. Foolishly, he grasps for the last time he'd eaten Hannibal's cooking, even knowing what was in it. Is this his life, now? Constantly longing for things he never really had, for the idea of a man who was only ever a very convincing facade? "I'm not hungry," he replies.

Ever the gentleman, at least to the untrained eye, Hannibal takes Will's audible bitterness in stride. "Coffee, then?"

"Sure."

Will stalls near the kitchen's entrance, letting Hannibal pass by. He makes the mistake of showing Will his back. Instinctively, Will wants to blame this on the rouse. To claim that Hannibal wouldn't have been so careless, so trusting, if he knew who was really in his home.

He isn't sure, though. Maybe he would turn from Will regardless. Maybe he'd let it happen. Maybe he's letting it happen right now.

Hannibal freezes, just for a moment, when Will trains the gun on him. The metal is a reassuring weight in his hands, something familiar. It seemed like the safest option, to Will's mind. He's unsure in this body, inelegant in how he pilots Alana's limbs. Not to mention that even in his weakened state, Will possesses more physical strength than she does. If he tried to kill Hannibal bare-handed like this, surprise would be his only advantage.

It's nearly performative, when Hannibal turns to face him. Like a model putting himself on display. Will's eye twitches. Hannibal tilts his head to the side, looking him up and down. He doesn't even have the decency to look shocked.

"What's gotten into you?" he asks. Not hurt. Not betrayed. Curious.

Will laughs. A dark smile stretches over his face, gun still trained on Hannibal's infernal mouth. "I suppose… you've gotten into me." He takes a step forward, another. Hannibal just watches as the space between them gets smaller. "Haven't you, Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal tips his head back when the barrel of Alana's gun meets his jaw. His eyes don't leave Will's, though. Will looks back.

For the length of one breath, everything is eerily still. It feels wrong to be so close to Hannibal again. Like he should've been stopped by now. He was half-expecting to stop himself, before ending up here. No one is holding him back, though. Not even Will Graham.

Will seizes Hannibal by the front of his shirt, yanks him forward with grit teeth. Their mouths crash together, the knock of their front teeth echoing in Will's skull. His lips lie strange against Alana's, unfairly foreign. Will snarls into the kiss, twists the fabric caught in his fist. It feels like he can't get close enough, somehow. The barrier of a body that isn't his own stands in his way.

He slams the gun onto the kitchen island, the sound of metal on metal nearly drowning out how Hannibal gasps for breath when they part. Will hops onto the surface, legs dangling over the edge. Without a word he hauls Hannibal close again. It's a liberating thing, plausible deniability. Will Graham would never do this. Will Graham would never even admit that he *wants* to do something like this.

Will Graham is currently locked in a cell, though. What does he know?

"Alana," Hannibal says in the midst of Will's assault, and Will wants to choke the name from his throat but he settles for shoving his tongue into the other man's mouth. Hannibal's muffled moan buzzes around his tongue, against his lips. Will feels a pleasant throb between his legs, an unfamiliar rush of warmth. He's wet.

His fingers are clumsy on the buttons of Hannibal's shirt, tugging them open with blind impatience because he refuses to stop kissing Hannibal. Will wants to suffocate him, he decides. Kiss the air from his lungs, sit on his face until it turns blue, fuck him to death. It's how Hannibal would want to go, really.

Will's mouth makes its way down, trailing hot kisses along Hannibal's jaw until he finds the smooth column of his throat. He doesn't understand how Alana hasn't left her mark on it yet, how she can bear to let Hannibal leave the house without some visible symbol of her claim on his body. After all, if *Will* were in her position—

He licks a stripe up its length, then sucks hard at the spot where Hannibal's pulse is jumping wildly. He half-expects Hannibal to shoo him away, to start griping about propriety and appearances. That's not what happens.

Hannibal tips his head back, his breath hitching around a needy gasp. Will groans his satisfaction into the other man's skin, digging the blunt ends of Alana's teeth into the spot as if the great bruise that's sure to rise won't be enough. Hannibal pulls him closer by the small of his back, ducks beneath the white dress shirt he'd thrown on to caress the smooth planes of his back. The thick bulge in his trousers grinds against Will's thigh, and Will drags in a harsh breath at how Alana's cunt throbs, tingling with arousal.

Will noses his way upward, nips at Hannibal's jaw bone. Hannibal jolts, seizes Will by the waist, rolls their hips together again with greater purpose. The empathy is something of his own that Will's been permitted to keep, evidently, and he clocks that Hannibal is taken aback by all of this. Not just the sudden ambush on Alana's part, but his own response to it.

He smothers a smug grin into their next kiss, running his fingers through the surprisingly thick fur on the other man's chest. Hannibal's not used to being so attracted to her, Will realizes. He's never wanted her before, not like this.

Hannibal's shirt falls to the kitchen floor, and Will wastes no time in reaching for the other man's belt. A pair of hands settle over his own, hold them still. Will swallows thickly when he notices how large Hannibal's hands look in comparison to Alana's, how delicate he is in this body. He's so wet that it makes him squirm in place.

"I thought you wanted to kill me," Hannibal teases, letting out a breathless chuckle near Will's ear that makes him shiver.

"I did," Will insists. His face burns hot, his confidence faltering in the face of Hannibal's prodding. "I do. I just—"

He grasps for words. Many suggestions float to his mind, none of them he likes the look of. I just couldn't help myself. I just think about having you like this more than I should. I just saw you, standing here in your kitchen where you belong, and I couldn't stand the idea of killing you without feeling your arms around me first.

"I just felt like I'd earned it," he mutters at last. For the first time since he'd pulled him in for a kiss, Will dares to look Hannibal in the eye. He searches them, quests after feeling in those deep eyes like he's panning for gold in an endless river. "Don't you think so, Doctor?"

As soon as the title drips from his mouth, Hannibal's face changes. From intrigue to adoration to hunger in the fraction of a second, and by the end of the transformation Hannibal's eyes are dark and fiery. Hannibal takes his face in both broad hands, kisses him hard enough to bruise. His fingers tangle in long, dark hair, teeth nipping harshly into the

swell of Will's lower lip. Will resumes his attack on Hannibal's belt, shoving a hand into the other man's underwear as soon as his trousers are unfastened.

They both groan when Will wraps his hand around Hannibal's cock. It's big, thick and uncut and wet with precome at its tip. Instantly, every dirty fantasy Will's ever had comes rushing to his mind. He'd had plenty, before Hannibal framed him. Countless wet dreams and guilty late nights spent picturing himself on his knees in front of Hannibal's desk chair, trying to swallow his psychiatrist's cock. They haven't stopped since his arrest, either. Not really. Now it's impossible to tell where his fantasies about killing Hannibal end and where his fantasies about getting fucked by him begin. More often than not, they blur.

"Let me take you to bed," Hannibal says, punctuating his request by undoing the zipper on Will's jeans.

Will's lip twitches upward in a snarl. Something about doing this in Hannibal's bedroom feels… wrong. Too soft, too much like making love. It's something Hannibal might want to do with Will Graham, something that Will Graham might want to say yes to.

He jumps down from the counter, only for long enough to kick off his shoes and push his jeans and panties to the floor. "No," he growls, refusing to wince at the cold metal of the counter against his now bare ass. "No, take me here. Like this."

Before Hannibal can try to argue, Will parts his legs. He leans back, braces himself on his palms, looks up at Hannibal through his lashes. He's lucky that the other man doesn't tackle him to the floor. Hannibal rips his shirt open, one of his hands moving to knead roughly at Alana's breasts. Will sighs, hooks a leg around Hannibal's hip and draws him closer, closer.

Hannibal's other hand finds its way between Will's legs. Will gasps when the other man's fingers glide over his cunt. It's strange, being touched like this. Different from having someone stroke his cock, of course. It's slick, sensitive. It's good. Hannibal drags his lips over Will's throat, making no secret of how he inhales the scent at the base of Will's skull. Savoring the aroma of his arousal. Will bites his lip, hips canting closer when Hannibal draws lazy circles around his clit. There's an ache brewing, deep in his core.

"You're shaking." It's barely a breath, his lips brushing the shell of Will's ear. Hannibal's fingers drift to his entrance, slip their way inside. Will chokes on a breath.

"Fuck me," he gasps. His legs squeeze Hannibal impossibly closer, Hannibal bites his earlobe. "I- I need it, Hannibal."

For a moment, it doesn't seem like he's going to acquiesce. And so, because he *isn't* Will Graham, he tacks on a breathy "Please."

The moan that rises from Hannibal is nothing short of obscene. He takes Will in another filthy kiss, finally pulling his cock from his trousers. It's dripping with precome, desperate to be touched. They're both sick of waiting.

Will throws his arms around Hannibal when he fucks his way in, clutching hard at toned shoulders and digging his nails into a strong back. He's never felt so full as he does when

their hips meet, cunt clenching around Hannibal's thick cock.

At first, Hannibal is gentle. Passionate, barely holding back, but gentle. He fucks into Will with slow, deep grinds of his hips that make Will's eyes roll and his jaw turn slack. Will's not usually vocal during sex, but Hannibal has him moaning like a whore in minutes, bucking his hips as much as he can without falling off the counter in some brainless attempt to get more.

And Hannibal gives him more. As soon as Will's desperation hits a fever pitch, he adjusts their position. He takes Will's hips in his hands, urges Will to lean back. Will's halfway off the kitchen island like this, but Hannibal doesn't even blink as he supports the weight. When he finds his rhythm again, it's brutal. Fast and hard, guiding Will's body like he's a fucking fleshlight. Will nearly screams, gripping the edge of the counter in a helpless bid to ground himself.

It's everything Will imagined being with Hannibal Lecter would be, on those lonely nights back in Wolf Trap. Power and warmth, affection and precision, something between fucking like animals and making love. It's both, really, because Hannibal doesn't see a difference between the two. Love is primal, the way the Ripper does it. It's not love if it doesn't hurt, at least a little.

It only takes a few minutes of this treatment for something to start building, low in the cradle of his hips. Will's toes curl, his thighs tensing around Hannibal's body. "Fuck," he huffs. Hannibal won't stop hitting this spot in Will that makes him feel like he's about to start speaking in tongues. Part of him wants it to go on forever and part of him is begging for Hannibal to make him come. "Faster, Hannibal, God— There, there *there!"*

Hannibal bares his teeth, pounding into him with a series of low groans. Will's pleasure peaks, and for one long moment his body goes entirely still. The air catches in his throat, his heart stopping for a single beat, and then he's coming.

His cunt throbs, his pulse thrumming through him so savagely that he can feel his heart beating in his clit. He calls Hannibal's name, high with ecstasy. His voice breaks partway through, lapsing into a long, guttural cry. It's feral, rabid. Will can feel how pleased Hannibal is to witness it like heat on his skin.

Will whines when Hannibal pulls out, still trembling with the aftershocks, but then moments later the other man is painting Will's spread thighs with ropes of cum. Too polite to come inside without permission, naturally. Or perhaps he just wanted to mark Will as his property.

The sight of Hannibal caught in the throes of his orgasm is enough to make Will squirm where he's sitting all over again. There's a deep flush dusting his high cheeks, a furrow between his fine brows. The tip of one fang digs into his lower lip. Will commits every inch of him to memory— shining with sweat, shuddering through his release. He moans low, ruts his spent cock against Will's thigh once it passes.

Will deflates with a long, drawn-out sigh. There's a soreness already making itself known, but he can't help but find it pleasant. He feels content, for once in his life. Happy.

Delirious in the wake of what he's done, Will laughs. "Fuck, I needed that."

Hannibal laughs, too, smiling almost bashfully. “I’m happy that you came to see me, then,” he replies. “You know that I’d do whatever you asked of me.”

It rings bittersweet, sets off a dull ache in Wills chest. “Thank you, Hannibal. I’ll… I’ll remember that.”

“It’s a shame that our visit should have to end so soon.”

Will blinks, frowns. “What do you mean?”

His heart drops when Hannibal plucks the gun from where it lies on the counter, turning it in his hands.

“You really do need to evaluate what it is you want, Will.”

Will stares at him, eyes wide. A fierce blush flies to his face, shock and humiliation swirling in his gut. “You— H-How did you—“

Hannibal holds up the gun, giving him a pointed look. “After all, you could have landed our mutual friend Doctor Bloom in some terrible trouble. Wouldn’t you prefer to do it yourself?”

All of the warmth that’s built in Will’s core goes cold. He scowls. “You’re a bit out of reach, Doctor.”

Hannibal just hums. “For now.”

“For *now?”*

“I think you should be going, Will,” Hannibal says, pleasant as ever. That dark heat is still clinging to his eyes, his gaze sweeps down Will’s ruined body. “But I do hope to see you again. Very soon.”

Will opens his mouth to reply, but then a great pain suddenly bursts over the side of his head. Hannibal, striking him with Alana’s gun. He tries to fight it, to stay conscious, but a moment later he’s being swallowed by darkness.

-

He wakes up in his cell. It’s dark, the stale air doing nothing to soothe the fevered sweat clinging to every inch of his body. He’s gasping for breath, dazed as he tries to make sense of his surroundings. His head feels like it’s about to burst.

He writes off the entire encounter as a strange, wet dream. At least, that’s what he does at first. He’s released from prison a few days later, as Hannibal had suggested. The first thing he does with his freedom is break into Hannibal’s house, gun in hand.

Hannibal is in the kitchen. He’s not surprised to see Will. It almost seems like he’s been waiting for him. There’s a familiar glint in his eyes when he looks at Will, one that makes his stomach swoop and his cock twitch in his boxers.

“Hello, Will.”

End Notes

thanks so much to arrnutsss, lexicons, kmac, rose, and all of my raindrops for the support!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!